
THE

Distress'd Baronet;

A F A R C E.



THE

10

Distress'd Baronet ;

A F A R C E.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DEDICATED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

By C. STUART.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. BURNETT, COLLES, CHAM-
BERLAINE, GILBERT, WILKINSON, M'DON-
NELL, PERRIN, SLEATER, BYRNE,
MOORE, DORNIN,
AND JONES.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

[Price 6d.h.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

Sir George Courteous,	—	Mr. PALMER.
Captain Prywell,	—	Mr. PACKER.
Pop, (a Pawnbroker)	—	Mr. SUETT.
Quirk (a Lawyer)	—	Mr. BADDELEY.
Aminadab,	—	Mr. BURTON.
La Roche,	—	Mr. WALDRON.
Porpoise,	—	Mr. WILSON.
Servant to L. Newmarket,	—	Mr. JONES.
Servant to Quirk,	—	Mr. SPENCER.
Servant to Sir George,	—	Mr. NEWBOLD.

W O M E N.

Sophia,	—	Mrs. WILSON.
Mrs. Termagant,	—	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Ninny,	—	Miss COLLINS.
Lady	—	Miss TIDSWELL.
Maid,	—	Miss DANCER.



TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

YOU are the phenomenon of your rank. Even the Courtier must admire your honour, while every good citizen reveres your most unparelled princely probity. For when did the heroism of any prince, besides your Royal Highness, ever condescend to sink into the level of a commoner, in order to be *just*? This was true magnanimity! Such a glorious degradation has exalted you in the eyes of all mankind.

While you bore your disappointment like a great Prince, your Royal Highness acted like an honest man. Not even Henry V. when Prince of Wales, behaved so nobly, at the moment in which he bowed to the

A. 3

authority

authority of the Chief Justice, whom he had insulted. Henry only obeyed the powerful laws of his country. But your Royal Highness, by relinquishing your splendour for the satisfaction of your creditors, voluntarily obeyed the admirable laws of a most honourable heart.

Before your Royal Highness reached maturity, Britain stood in small estimation among nations, as a polished state. Few travellers of consequence deigned to visit her shores. No eminent foreigners were to be seen here, but the Diplomatic body, and sometimes in war, a distinguished captive. This island made no part of the grand tour. We were deemed boisterous as our foaming barrier; dreaded for our arms, but never courted for our arts.

The taste, however, the hospitality, the affability, and the elegant accomplishments of your Royal Highness, burst at once upon the nation, and soon were blazoned throughout the continent. Even the French nobility themselves, those arbiters of fashion, were among the first to subscribe to the general opinion. Your Royal Highness was admired and

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

and imitated by every foreigner of rank and taste. Whatever dress you wore, whatever carriage or caparison your fancy approved of, was sure to become the reigning fashion in France, as well as in Britain. Your entertainments were splendid. Your guests were learned, noble, and accomplished. Your amusements were polished and manly. You were the only Prince throughout Europe, whose manners commanded universal imitation; and your Royal Highness stamped a character on the English nation, for their taste and refinement, heretofore unacknowledged.

In this career of your splendour, that reflected such honour on the empire, your Royal Highness was unfortunately stopped. But every good citizen now hopes to see you soon resume the lustre of your rank. Thus once more elevated to your proper sphere, accomplished natives, and intelligent foreigners will again be honoured by your society. Your Royal Highness's taste will re-illumine the circles of fashion both in Britain and on the Continent. Trade will be promoted; all the branches of your illustrious family be made happy; and your Royal Highness's princely conduct become
the

the theme of every tongue, because you are the *munificent patron of every British art.*

If the following trifle shall in the least contribute to your Royal Highness's momentary amusement, it will afford the most heartfelt satisfaction to an

Humble admirer.

Of Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

PRINCIPLES and CONDUCT.

THE AUTHOR.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, junr.

*(The band, previous to the speaking of the Prologue, plays
"The Highland Laddie.")*

TO check effeminate man, each British maid,
Secure of conquest, wears the Tartan plaid;
A garb that oft hath made the hostile smart,
And, arm'd by beauty, now assails the heart.
"Round Highland shoulders it subdu'd the foe,
"Round ladies waists it vanquishes the beau."
This plaid the world of fashion so bewitches,
Should it extend, pray who will wear the breeches?
See Patties tending all their fleecy flocks,

[pointing to the green boxes,

That fill each green—I mean each snug green box;
While Peggies listen to this vocal grove,

[pointing to the orchestra,

Where every flute and fiddle sings its love.

Methinks I hear a goddess cry—"For fartin,

"I'll, like my betters, wear a sash of Tartan:

[pointing to the Galleries.

"Give me the laddies with their Highland plaids,

"Not red rags now catch mackerels and maids."

Says Pat, who's next her,—"Woman, hold your
"bodder,

"Else I will your two lips with kisses smother.

"What is this plaid?---'Tis thin---'tis poor---'tis
"shabby.—

"Give a stout Irish blade a good rich tabby."—

"Hoot, hauld your tongue, men!"---says his neigh-
bour Sawney,

"Arn't we like you, baithe gude, and bauld and
"brawney?"

"Oh true," cries Pat, "Old England's fair we poach;

"Arn't all we English, Irishmen or Scotch?"

"Lies"

PROLOGUE

"Lies"—says hot Taffy, biting hard his nails;
"Tis lies—de English all be now in Wales.
"Driven tere by Sâxons—hur hur pleasure seeks,
"And hur lives tere like Kings on sheefe and leeks."
"Hold!" says the Jew, "think more and speak much
"less;

"Vatch dat to do with Bar'netch in Distress?"

"I vil relieve him--let him come to me,

"Dat ish, if he has jewels, d'ye see;

"Poor man, from tem I soon will set him free."

Critics, if any jewels you descry,

Dim not their lustre to the public eye,

And oh, ye fair, pray san to-night applause,

I hope we've here no croaking *monstrous crows*!

Our bard to no presumptuous skill lays claim,

To please by decent humour is his aim:

No ranc'rous pers'nal satire he applies,

But strikes at general foibles as they rise.



THE

THE
DISTRESS'D BARONET.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Sir George Courteous's.*

Sir George Courteous discover'd.

Sir George.

AH! Sir George! Sir George!—to what an unfortunate dilemma art thou reduced!—To-day when I'm of age, and ought to inherit three thousand pounds a year, I inherit—what?—nothing but poverty, and useless parchments—what the gaming-table has begun, the lawyer and money-lender will soon finish!—for my post-dated bonds and mortgages—have left me without a shilling!—Ha! my uncle.

B

Enter

Enter Capt. Prywell.

Capt. As you are this day of age, my dearest nephew, I came to congratulate you—You are now, by the laws of your country, emancipated from all ties, but those which bind a gentleman—Blessed with a liberal education, an elegant person, and an ample fortune, let prudence be your pilot—and honour be your rudder—then you will glide thro' the voyage of this life, with the calm and pleasurable gales of true sensibility.

Sir Geo. Oh, Sir!—no more, uncle!

Capt. How now, Sir George!—perturbed and melancholy on the very day that you take possession of your fortune?

Sir Geo. Oh! uncle—do not probe me to the soul with your excruciating irony—when I inform'd you last night of the true state of my affairs, and that I am now worse than nothing.

Capt. Had you informed me sooner, my dear nephew, perhaps I might have saved you from ruin. A commiseration for fools and knaves has brought you to this pass—for you had no judgment in your friendships—like an act of insolvency, you made no discrimination between the imprudent mistresses of the prodigal or the knave—and the real mistresses of the unfortunate man of worth.

Sir Geo. Do not upbraid me, for I am now indeed overwhelmed by misfortunes.—That woman, Mrs. Termagant—whom by report only you know, threatens now to imprison me, because I will not answer all her infamous demands.

Capt.

Capt. What is to be done, nephew—for shame—to borrow money when I was abroad, of such a low, base creature of fortune. Money too—that her husband accumulated by rapine and murder in the East, can only answer the purposes of dissipation and destruction in the West. But what can I do for you?

Sir Geo. If you will be so obliging as to wait on my attorney—he will do a great deal for you, and perhaps might yet settle this matter with Mrs. Termagant.

Capt. Is not Mr. Quirk your attorney?

Sir Geo. Yes, Sir.

Capt. I don't like him, because I believe him to be a disgrace to the honourable profession of the law.

Sir Geo. I can't think it.

Capt. I am afraid, Sir George, that it is such a Quirk, that poisons the sacred streams of justice, and tinges the reputation of a profession, that has divinely converted the chaos of barbarity, into the most beautiful order and refinement: a profession, the most pre-eminent, and the most honourable among mankind.

Sir Geo. I can't think so of Quirk—because I have often experienced his blunt integrity.

Capt. May I soon be decived!—But, nephew, you know my disposition—I shall never desert you.—Now for your attorney.—Ah! Sir George, Sir George—had you handled the spontocon under my tuition, instead of handling the four aces with others, you would not now have been thus tricked out of all your estate.—'Sdeath, when I can't employ my time and fortune better than by play—

may I be despised by my country—and degraded by my king !

[Exit.

Sir Geo. Pray heav'ns ! you may settle it.—How I detest myself for my folly—Oh ! could we recall time, or dissipation be blended with discretion—how rational and permanent would be our pleasures—but youth wants the virtue of age, and age the vigour of youth—For tho' every thorn has not its rose—yet we well know that every rose has its thorn.

(Exit.

SCENE II. *Sophia's Lodgings.*

Sophia and Ninny.

Sophia. And are you, Ninny, really in the service of Sir George Courteous ?

Ninny. Yes, my lady—yes, Miss Sophia.—I was at first his maid of all work—thof so be as how I now am his house-keeper, Ma'am.

Sophia. But would not you rather be again in papa's service ?

Ninny. What, in Mr. Pop's ?—No, Madam—I'll never serve an old gentleman again.—

Sophia. Why ?

Ninny. 'Cause they are so teasing.—But I heard of your running away, Ma'am—

Sophia. I hope, my dear, you will never inform your master who I am.

Ninny. Lord, Ma'am, not I !—But why should you be ashamed of your papa—thof he be but a pawn-broker, an't he as rich as Crusey, Ma'am—as rich as Robinson Crusey ?—

Sophia.

Sophia. This girl!—But I must see her; else she will disclose my family to Sir George, and perhaps inform my father where I am (*aside*). *Ninny.*

Ninny. Ma'am!

Sophia. Will you keep a secret?

Ninny. Where is it?—give it me!

Sophia. There is something for you to be secret.

[*Gives money.*]

Ninny. Is this the secret I am to keep?—Well, I vow it is a very pretty secret. [*looking at the money.*] Lard! I should like to keep such another secret.

Sophia. Simplicity!—There my dear, is another for you. (*Giving more money*).

Ninny. Thank your Ladyship for your secrets; now the one secret will not be dull or weary, you know, as it will keep the other company.

Sophia. Now, my dear, you will never open your lips to any one, that you have ever seen me, or known me.

Ninny. Never! never! never!

Sophia. And you will call on me again in an hour, as I have something to intrust to you?

Ninny. That I will, Miss Sophy.—Is it another secret?—Ha! ha! ha!—

Sophia. It is, my dear.

Ninny. Then I am sure I shall keep it for your sake, (*aside*) or my own.—Oh such sweet pretty secrets! [*Exit.*]

Sophia. Poor artless girl!—But I am now in a very disagreeable situation!—I would have rather given one third of the jewels and money I have taken off from my father, than that girl should have discovered me at the window!—To depend

on the discretion of a fool for the preservation of one's liberty, is a very slender dependence indeed; though even in a free country. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III. Quirk's Office.

Porpoise discovered writing.

Enter Quirk.

Quirk. Hark'ee, Porpoise!

Porp. Sir! (*coughing.*)

Quirk. What the devil makes you cough so?—You are as lean as the long vacation.

Porp. True, Sir;—Councillor Calve'shead called, and left his card.

Quirk. He may call, and cat-call at my door, but I'll leave him no more briefs!—A fellow that lives up in garret-chambers, four pair of stairs high! What respectable attorney, does he think, will mount up to his tower of Babel with a brief?

Porp. True, Sir——

Quirk. Besides he can't wag his chops nimble enough in any cause, unless that of a turbot and lobster-sauce at the Rolls Tavern.

Porp. True, Sir——

Quirk. Oh! he is a special pleader, when tongue and teeth are against turbot and turtle; ha! ha! ha! he would make a rare kitchen counsel.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is a lady, that wishes to speak to you immediately.

Quirk. Shew her in.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Quirk. Madam, your business with me?

Mrs. Term. I am come, Sir, to get you to examine a five thousand pound bond immediately.

Quirk. Are you? Pray, my lady, be seated.

Mrs. Term. Do you know Sir George Courteous?

Quirk. (aside). My worthy client Sir George—but shall I know him or not?

Mrs. Term. I say, Mr. Quirk, do you know Sir George Courteous?

Quirk. A little, Madam.

Mrs. Term. Then you know a base-unprincipled fellow.

Quirk. Ha! this must be the Widow Termagant—and now to abuse the Baronet in order to serve him. *(aside)*—He has indeed a most infamous character—and he plays the very devil with all your sex.

Mrs. Term. Nay, not with all—for though he has his antipathies, he has likewise his sympathies.

Quirk. He has, indeed, his good qualities, Madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. Term. Good qualities!—I find I must employ another attorney. || (*rising.*)

Quirk. I mean, his natural qualifications are good.

Mrs. Term. Oh, Sir—

Quirk. His person, Madam. (*bowing*) I had nearly deprived myself of serving my worthy client, Sir George.

Mrs. Term. He is the most ungrateful—

Quirk. The most abandon'd—

Mrs. Term. Unfeeling—

Quirk. Murderer—

Mrs. Term. Of peace of mind—

(*almost crying*)

Quirk. Fortune—

Mrs. Term. And the jewel reputation—a diamond—

Quirk. Of the first water—

Mrs. Term. As mine is, Mr. Quirk.

(*crying*)

Quirk. Undoubtedly!—I wish any one would bring him under my clutches—I would fix him.

Mrs. Term. Do ye?—Read that bond—

(*giving a bond*)

Quirk. (*aside*) Now, Madam, I defy your malice to my client.

Mrs. Term. As Shylock says, “Let him look to his bond—he was wont to call me peevish and snappish”—and refused me his hand!
“—But let him look to his bond.”

Quirk. (*aside*) How lucky! A bond and judgment against poor Sir George.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a gentleman wants to speak to you immediately on some very particular business.

Quirk. Psha!—I am busy.—Who is he?

Serv. An officer of the army.

Quirk. With your permission, Madam, shall I admit him for a few moments?

Mrs. Term. By all means, Sir.

Quirk. Shew the gentleman up. [*Exit Servant*].—Madam, I have perused this with attention, and I find it is only a simple bond.

Mrs. Term. A simple bond!

Quirk. (*aside*) A bond and judgment.—Such an unprincipled woman would have entered up judgment—executed—and ruin'd my poor client, had she not luckily fallen into my hands.

Mrs. Term. Only a simple bond!—Then my attorney, Mr. Flaw, who died last week, has not drawn it up right—for I intended it as a bond and judgment.

Quirk. Unlucky!—Lucky, indeed, for my distress'd client. (*aside*)

Mrs. Term. Oh! what shall I do?

Quirk. You can do very little, Madam. I must take out a special original for you, Madam, which will prevent Sir George taking out a writ of error.

Enter Captain Prywell.

Capt. Sir, you know Sir George Courteous?

Quirk.

Quirk. Speak softly, Sir—What of him?—
Another client against poor Sir George. (*aside*)
I know him very well, Sir; he is——

Capt. My nephew, Sir.

Quirk. Is he so? What, you are Captain
Prywell; a gentleman whom all the world ad-
mires—and your nephew is the most wor-
thy——

Mrs. Term. Mr. Quirk, I won't lose a mo-
ment in arresting——

Quirk. That villain Sir George—Hush! stay
a moment. (*To Captain*) What can I do, Sir,
for so worthy and generous a gentleman as your
nephew?

Capt. You have heard of Mrs. Term-
gant?

Quirk. Hush!—Oh, yes—an infamous——

Mrs. Term. Mr. Quirk!

Quirk. Dear, sweet lady! (*Running to her*)

Capt. Mr. Quirk!

Quirk. Hush, Captain, don't discover your-
self.

Mrs. Term. I say, Mr. Quirk, can I seize
Sir George to-night?

Quirk. Yes, if you please, my dear Madam.
(*Running up to the Captain*) But what of that
vile woman?

Capt. She is going to put a five thousand pound
bond in force against Sir George.

Quirk. Hush!—I know it—but I defy her.

Mrs. Term. Mr. Quirk!

Quirk. Madam!

Mrs. Term. I have now determined upon
his

his arrest.—Go to the utmost rigour of the law directly—and I shall wait upon you to morrow morning. Now, my ungrateful Baronet—I shall soon punish you for your perfidious love.
[Exit.]

Quirk. It is even hard thus to appear a rascal, although it be in order to save a friend. Captain, you observ'd that lady?

Capt. Yes—who is she?

Quirk. No less a personage, I assure you, than the very identical Mrs. Termagant herself.

Capt. Indeed!

Quirk. Even so—and persuading her that I had a most rancorous enmity to Sir George—she has made me her attorney against him, besides putting me in possession of his five thousand pound bond.

Capt. And what do you intend to do?

Quirk. The money must be paid; for I can never betray the confidence of any one—not even of the greatest villain alive.—Confidence must on no account be repaid by treachery.—No, no—

Capt. Sir, I admire your honour—but what is to be done?

Quirk. By gaining this bond, I pull the talons out of that vulture. Therefore, Sir George is safe, and I mean to act in this affair as an amicable arbitrator, by soothing down her asperity to accede to Sir George's most convenient terms of repayment.

Capt. Sir, this instance you have given of your honour—

honourable conduct has quite eradicated my prejudices against you, and prejudices I had—for which I now sincerely beg your pardon.

Quirk. Look'ee, Captain; law is like a sword—In the hands of an honest man, it defends your liberty—it protects your property—but in the hands of a villain, it assassinates even your very existence.

Capt. True! true! and it is indeed a most lamentable reflection, that while the law produces the most amiable, honest, and elevated characters—it sometimes produces the most abandon'd.

Quirk. It is lamentable, Captain, but by no means wonderful—for we well know, that all the other liberal professions are subject to the same disgraces. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment at Sir George Courteous's.

Sir George meeting La Roche.

Sir Geo. Well, Monsieur, did you deliver my letter?

La Roche. Mi Lor, Sir George, I did.

(*Sings.*)

“On a message I can run—or slip a billet-doux,
“With your humble servant and slave, mi Lor.”

(*bowing.*
Sir

Sir George. Where is the answer?

La Roche. Dère be de letter. (*Giving the letter.*) Oh, mi Lor—so pretty—so charmant a lady was never look'd at by my own two pair of eyes! her skin soft as halabastard! white as velvet!—lips like diamonds—eyes like sherries, and teeth like ivy—ay, like de ivy bush!—Oh Tacra.

(*sings.*)

“She was tall and stout like a populous tree,

“Her hair as red as a rose;

“She look'd like a 'squire of no degree,

“When driving her Sunday's coach.”

Sir Geo. Peace, firrah! I can't understand what I am reading. Let me see; (*reads*)

“Sir,—My hand is not my own. I have

“two twin sisters, each of whom have greater

“fortunes than me; and, perhaps, greater

“peculiarities. The one delights in nothing

“but horse-racing and hunting—The other is

“all delicacy and affectation in the extreme.

“Until you gain their consent to the match,

“mine is of no avail—Adieu! Sophia How-

“and.” Their consent to the match—Adieu!

---Demme, I don't know what to make of it.

-----Instead of firing my blood and mouning

in my brain, like generous burgundy and rap-

turous Champaigne! 'tis flat as an unsugar'd

cup of weak tea! Psha!--Did you see the

lady, *La Roche*?

La Roche. Oh! mi Lor, me did; and she

C

is

is so most very charmant and beautiful!--She gave me tree guinea---tree loudiores.

Sir George. Ha! that shews at least her antipathy to me can't be very violent.

La Roche. Oh, she raved and prattled like von Moorfield lady, about you, my Lor, Sir George.

Sir Geo. About me! Pray, La Roche, what said she?

La Roche. And I told her you was de best, noble gentleman in all de world! Dat all de ladies were inlove wid you, and you was in love wid all-----

Sir Geo. How, Sir?

La Roche. Her pretty person only. (*aside*) Ha! very well come off.

Sir Geo. Dear La Roche! --You Frenchmen are so faithful! And did you see her read the letter?

La Roche. Me did; and she kifs'd it von ten dozen times, den put it in her halabastard bosom!

Sir Geo. Kifs'd it before you?

La Roche. 'Pon honneur!

Sir Geo. Come, come, La Roche, that is too gross.

La Roche. (*aside*) He won't believe dat. Den I am certain sure she has kifs'd it before dis time.

Sir Geo. Ha! ha! ha! you Frenchmen can always secure a retreat.

La Roche. For when she put it in her pocket-----

Sir

Sir Geo. Her pocket! Why, sirrah, you said just now, that she put it in her bosom.

La Roche. Ah, mi Lor!---(aside) What shall I say?---Ah, mi Lor! de pocket of de lover, you know, is de bosom, de breast---dat be de lover's pocket in France, my Lor.

Sir Geo. Psha! Sirrah, don't call me my Lord! I have no title to it! [Exit.]

La Roche. Pardonnez moi! I tought all de Englishmen de lords of de creation.

(sings.)

"When mighty roast beef was Jack Englishman's
"drink,
"It put life in dere stomachs, and made dere hearts
"good." [Exit.]

SCENE V. Pop's House.

A Pawnbroker's Shop.

Peter Pop discover'd.

Pop. No tidings of Sophy yet!--Oh! the run away robber! to take off three thousand pounds in jewels and money!--This comes of larning and refin'd feelings, as she calls it.---To run away from me because I was to have married her to my worthy friend, Mr. Samuel Syllsybub, the rich confectioner---It shews that she has no taste indeed, for the sweets of this world!

world! Oh! Peter Pop! Peter Pop!—what avails all your Sophy's larning, if she was born to rob me? It is the first time I ever knew that people should be larned, in order to become robbers! I am sure that I rob the rich and the poor every day, and yet I am not larned. I have just as much larning as can write a duplicate, and can count the rule of three direct—that is—not to lend one guinea, without having the value of four guineas.

Enter a Lady and her Maid.

Lady. Go back, Betty, and sit in the carriage, at the end of the passage, till I try if I can match some plate here.

Maid. Yes my Lady.

[Exit Maid.]

Lady. Mr. Pop, I hope the paste ear-rings are finish'd as I go to Bath to-morrow.

Pop. Yes, my Lady, here they are—and I defy any jeweller, without a very narrow inspection, to distinguish them from those you shew'd me

(Giving the ear-rings.)

Lady. Vastly pretty. *(Changing them.)* Now how much will you lend me on these brilliants?

Pop. The bracelets, you know, which you gave me, pay for these paste ones—The utmost I can lend on them is a hundred.

Lady. Let me have the money—for I had a great run of ill-luck last night.

Pop.

Pop. There. (*Giving her a note*) I shall book it in the old name, my Lady.

Lady. In what name you please—Now for Bath! but I shall return again by the meeting of Parliament, when my next half year's jointure shall become due, and I will then take out one of the brilliants, and leave you one of the paste ones. [Exit.]

Pop. Very well.

Enter Porpoise.

Porp. Mr. Quirk will be here in half an hour, Sir, with a Baronet who wants to raise some money.

Pop. Barons and Baronets are always raising money.—Oh! if they could pledge their parents, and give me a bill of sale on them, demme, I would enjoy more titles than the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and the Emperor of Morocco. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI. Sophia's Lodgings.

Enter Sophia.

The letter I wrote as from my sister—for sister I have none—that letter I hope has somewhat disconcerted Sir George—no matter—it will certainly effect my purpose. My thus personating two ideal twin sisters, each of whom are

to have greater fortunes than myself, is an excellent scheme indeed to prove the sincerity of Sir George's passion. (*Knocking hard*) Ha! here he comes.—Shall I squint?—The Countess of Qgle kill'd her husband by her squint?—Shall I waddle in my gait, and stoop forward like Lady Puny, and throw myself back, thus, like a French dancer? 'Tis the most agreeable attitude to throw one's person into perspective. Then my fan—how shall I handle my fan? Shall I handle my fan? Shall I bite my fan—or bite my lips? But here is the Baronet.—Now prudence—distortion—and all the stiff train of affectation assist me!

(*Throws herself into a ridiculous attitude.*)

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Very like her sister Sophia, if she walk'd with her ease, (*aside*) Madam. (*To her.*)

Sophia. Sir, your business! (*lisping.*)

Sir Geo. Devilish like her! as like my Sophia as a crooked shilling is to a plain one, (*aside.*) Madam, I expected to have the pleasure of seeing your sister, Miss Sophia.

Sophia. She is gone out a shopping, Sir.

Sir Geo. Lisps, and hisses like a serpent, (*aside.*)—She is gone out a shopping, Sir.

(*mimicking.*)

Sophia. You are Sir George Courteous, I presume?

Sir

Sir Geo. Yes, Madam I——I presume.

(mimicking her aside.)

Sophia. Sir George, Sophia has related to sister Di and myself the whole of your private conversation with her.

Sir Geo. The devil she has! *(aside.)*—Indeed, Madam!

Sophia. Every word—from the pressing of her hand at the Pantheon, to the salute at Kensington gardens promenade—the lifting up of the fan; the plucking of the rose; the slipping of the shoe; and the sighing of the swain, in the declaration of his passion!—every tittle has she told us—Ha! ha! ha! *(aside.)*

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Sophia. Certainly! for we have all three bound ourselves never to marry without the joint consent of the whole—but I don't think I shall ever enter into the state.

Sir Geo. Oh, Madam, your person, and your manner—*(aside)* I see not the least difference between her and her sister Sophia.

Sophia. *(aside)* I don't lisp enough.

Sir Geo. She's more graceful than I thought her—Pretty teeth—full as pretty as Sophia. *(aside)*—Were not my hand in honour engaged, Madam—The very picture of her sister!

Sophia. I am alarm'd! *(aside.)* Your hand—Sir George,—your hand.—

Sir Geo. If I were not engag'd, Madam——

Sophia.

Sophia. What mean you? (*not lisping so much*)

Sir Geo. (*aside*) Custom makes her lisping agreeable—Dear Madam, I mean that if I had seen you before your sister Sophia—

Sophia. You would have—(*alarmed*)

Sir Geo. In preference have resigned my hand and heart to you, my dearest angel.—(*aside*) This flattering compliment will obtain her consent, I think, to my union with Sophia.

Sophia. Vassly pretty, Sir George.—(*aside*) Oh! man! man!—thy heart, like an ungrateful mirror, flatters only the present, but retains no traces of the absent, although it has adored you for ages!

Sir Geo. Madam!—

Sophia. I have a great mind to discover myself and discard him. (*aside*.)

Sir Geo. Your sister Sophia is, to be sure, a most fine, lively, elegant girl; but then your appearance eclipses both her and her sister Diana, as the Sun does pale-faced Luna and twinkling Venus.

Sophia. Diana! Diana! Pray, did you then ever see my sister Diana?

Sir Geo. Not I, upon my soul, my fairest! But I am certain, that Nature cannot conceive a form more elegant, a face more beautiful, or a mind more delicate, penetrating and refined, than you have, Madam. O, my dearest Penelope! permit me, on my knees, thus to solicit your hand in exchange for my poor bleeding heart.

Sophia.

Sophia. There's my sister Sophia now coming this way, Sir George—will you declare your sentiments before her?

Sir Geo. Not—not—not now, my dearest; (*confused*) any other time will do as well.

Sophia. Sister Di will return in an hour from riding; shall you then wait upon her, Sir George?

Sir Geo. If you give me hope, my angel—

Sophia. You may hope.

Sir Geo. I shall then wait on her, my fairest, to solicit her consent.

Sophia. But do not make love to Diana too, Sir George; for she will never love any thing but her horses, her dogs, her phaetons, her cards, and her dice.

Sir Geo. My dearest Penelope, it is you alone that are love's polar star! Adieu! (*aside*) Now, that I've secur'd her consent, I'll soon return, and hunt down the will of Diana, and then my felicity is compleat. [*Exit.*]

Sophia. Oh, happiness! what a phantom art thou! the very shadow of a hope, which is in itself but a shadow to pursue a shadow's shadow! How weak! how vain!—When I eloped from my father, and a hated marriage, I thought I should be happy! When I first beheld Sir George, and listened to his fascinating tongue—I then built pleasure's fanciful palace in hope's paradise.—Now, his wandering mind has dissipated the dream, and left no trace, but despair, behind! I—no!—no!—I

must

must see him once more!—I shall appear as the feign'd Diana!—Perhaps—I know not what to do—I shall dress, however, as Diana—but discard him as Sophia. [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Pawnbroker's Shop.*

Enter Pop.

WHAT hard times do we live in?—I must have more ware-houses to hold my goods.—These houses will never hold them long—I believe if the times continue so bad, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of buying up the leases of all the houses in the street; to convert them into different kinds of sale shops—I shall have a Monmouth-street—an Exeter Change—a Cranbourn-alley—and a Rag-fair of my own, all united into one. What hard times do we live in?

Enter

Enter Quirk, and Sir George (reading a letter)

Sir Geo. I am come Sir, to get you to discount a bill of 500l.

Pop. Sir George, I have been expecting you some time.

Sir Geo. (reading) "Flexible—unfaithful—
 Lover." Oh heav'ns! *(reads again)*—Never at-
 tempt to see us more. Sophia Howard—Pe-
 nelope Howard."—Undone—Undone—Oh! I
 am ruin'd indeed!—I merit it all for my fool-
 ish flattering folly. But can my Sophia think
 that I would ever forsake her? However, I will
 wait upon Diana.

Pop I am sorry to see you so much agitated,
 Sir George.

Sir Geo. Not much, not much! But let not
 my folly neglect the distresses of my friends.

Pop. Walk in, Sir George, we shall soon settle
 the business.

Sir Geo. Oh, my Sophia! What shall I
 do?

Pop. (aside) I shall have him, I see; for young
 people, when much agitated, never mind the
 bargain they make.

Sir Geo. I am determin'd, however, to see
 Diana—Oh, what a complicated day of dis-
 tress, is this my day of majority!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment at Sir George Courteous's.

Enter Sir George, and La Roche following.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! to be obliged, La Roche, in a bill of five hundred pounds, to take near three hundred pounds in Haberdashery wares—ha, ha, ha!

La Roche. Ha! ha! ha! very comical, mi Lor, ha! ha! ha!

Sings.

“ For you must have both gauze and lace,

“ And ribbons to swell de bill;

“ With furs, and feathers, and fatten silks,

“ And money mi Lor, beside.”

Sir Geo. I have as much haberdashery as would fet me up in Tavistock-street as a man millener, ha! ha! ha!

La Roche. Very witty!—Very witty, mi Lor, ha! ha! ha!

Enter Servant, Aminadab, and another Jew.

Serv. Sir George, two Jews want to speak to you.

[*Exit Servant.*

Sir Geo.

Sir Geo. Your business, gentlemen? La Roche, depart, and order the carriage to be ready.

(*Exit La Roche.*)

Aminadab. As I hear, Sir George, dat you are to become a bankrupt, I am come to offer you my services, as your petitioning creditor.

Sir Geo. Petitioning creditor!—Pray, Sir, what is your name?

Aminadab. Aminadab Lebanon, at your service. I am very well known by most of the gentlemen of the law—Do a great deal of business in bails and bankruptcies—Hope to have the honour to make you one, Sir George.

Sir Geo. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Lebanon. And pray, Sir, who is this gentleman thar you have brought along with you?

Aminadab. He is come, Sir George, to buy something from you.—He is come to make you a dealer.

Sir Geo. A dealer!—

Aminadab. Aye—We can't make you a bankrupt without you deal in something.—Would you chuse to be a coal-merchant?

Sir Geo. A coal-merchant, firrah!

Aminadab. Will you, Sir George, sell him a sack of coals?

Sir Geo. A sack of coals!

Aminadab. Or perhaps, you would rather be a tallow-chandler.—Sell him a box of candles.

Sir Geo. Candles!

Aminadab. Or would your honour like to be a cheese-monger, or any profession you please, Sir George, it is all one to us?

Sir Geo. Hark'ee, Mr. Lebanon, get about your
D business;

business; for if, by obtaining a surreptitious statute of bankruptcy, I could retrieve my whole fortune, I would not do it. Although I may have been an unthinking prodigal, I shall never become a deliberate scoundrel! La Roche! where are you? Shew these gentlemen the door.

Aminadab. Good morning to you, Sir George.— You will never be worth a groat until you follow our maxim, and think that honesty is the best policy—that is, *to be honest only to yourself.* Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Aminadab and the other Jew.*]

Sir Geo. What a life does that wretch lead, whose only prayers are the most palpable perjuries!—But now for my visit to Diana—O! if thro' her means I can but once see my Sophia—I shall either procure her pardon or perish at her feet.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Pawnbroker's Shop.*

Enter Pop.

Pop. I can't forget the insult!—The parish officers to come to me in a drunken fit with a bastard child to pawn! Do they think my shop a founding hospital?—Demme, I never took in a child in my life but once—that was Miss Sophy—and now the jade has taken me in. O! if her mother had but given me a duplicate of her to heir my fortune, I would have advertised her in the Hue-and-cry, and put her into Newgate.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Newmarket presents his compliments to you, and as he is going to the Races at Fountain Blows, and afterwards to Spa for a few months, he is to send you in his plate this evening till his return.

Pop. Make my most humble respects to my Lord Newmarket, and I will take greater care of it than any banker in town. [*Exit Servant.*] I shall see his Lordship in the evening.—How I have laughed to see him sneak into my shop!—But he is a most excellent customer, and always redeems his plate *after the meeting of Parliament.*

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Pop. Well, Ma'am—What have you got to pledge, Ma'am?

Mrs. Term. To pledge, Sir!—Have not you got a daughter in pledge, Sir?

Pop. Faith, I have to my sorrow—but I wish I knew where she lies—I would soon redeem her, with a horse-whip, the jade!

Mrs. Term. Then follow me, and I will conduct you to her presence.

Pop. Will ye?—But where, where is she, my kind lady?

Mrs. Term. In lower Grosvenor street.—There is her Card.—She now assumes the name of Miss Howard.

Pop. Here, John. (*Enter John.*) Tell Mr. Quirk, whom I expect every moment, that I have found my run-away daughter, and to follow me immediately, as this card shall direct.

Mrs. Term. I have you now, my base Baronet.

[*Aside.*

Pop. Now come along, my lady.—I cannot contain my passion—I shall disinheret her—I shall disinheret her, Madam, and leave all my fortune to public charities, to sponge off my sinful peccadilloes—and ere I die it shall be the business of my life to follow the example of a worthy Borough justice, by searching all Middlesex and Surry for six black and four white fatten virgins to support my pall, and strew my coffin with Covent Garden nosegays.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Sophia's Lodgings.*

Ninny discovered.

Ninny. Miss Sophy keeps me a long while! I have already been rewarded by Mrs. Termagant and the Captain, for telling them all the truth about Miss Sophia!—Now must I watch Sir George's coming, and give him this letter.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Sophia's Lodgings.

Enter Sophia.

Sophia. Now for another trial of my skill as
a female

a female jockey and gambler.—I know theoretically somewhat of both.—As you are cast off, Sir George, from the ideal Penelope, and from me as Sophia—if you now pay your addresses to me as Diana—I shall be thoroughly convinced, and forever tear you from my heart!—It is Sir George, and here he comes.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. A fine woman, if she had a more delicate step.

Sophia. Tallyhoicks, (*smacking her whip and sings*)
 “Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
 “Who delight in the joys of the chace,” &c.

Sir Geo. (*aside*) All the sisters are devilish like one another.

Sophia. (*aside*) “Who delight in the joys of the chace.” (*coming up to him in a masculine manner.*) Your demands with me?—Your name, Sir?

Sir Geo. Madam, I am Sir George Courteous, at your service.

Sophia. Soho!—Tallyhoicks!—You are the bold huntsman that would run down two at a time. Pray, Sir George, do you understand hazard?

Sir Geo. Such a question (*aside*). A little, Madam.

Sophia. Then you can answer me this question—When nine is the main, what is the odds that the caster does not nick it?

Sir Geo. Nine is the main! [*musings*]. I can't resolve it instantly, Madam.

Sophia. No!—Then you know nothing of the game—but I shall inform you.—The odds is eight to one.

Sir

Sir Geo. She is a very fine girl! [*aside*]

Sophia. But you are, no doubt, an adept in whist?

Sir Geo. I know something of the game, Ma'am.

Sophia. Then supposing you are dealer, what is the odds in your favour of holding more than four trumps?

Sir Geo. (*aside*) I am pretty well puzzled!—Dealer—the odds (*musing*).

Sophia. Aye, the odds.—Psha! Sisters told me you were a man of sense—Pray, Sir George, whether are you a rook or a pigeon?

Sir Geo. A harmless pigeon, Madam; a lonely turtle come in quest of his mate!—(*aside*) A fine girl, with all her whims.

Sophia. My sisters are determined never more to see you, Sir George.

Sir Geo. (*aside*) Devilish handsome!

Sophia. So you may give over the chase. You are ignorant at hazard—ignorant at whist—But—I shall now try you once more in a simple turf question.

Sir Geo. [*aside*] Unlucky!

Sophia. What weight ought a horse of thirteen hands to carry, for a give and take plate?

Sir Geo. (*disconcerted*) Really Madam, I cannot tell!

Sophia. Not tell that! Seven stone, to be sure! I see plainly you are not a man of sense! and were my sister to entrust you with her fortune, you would soon dissipate it, as you have done your own.

Sir Geo. Cutting to the quick! (*aside*)

Sophia. It is such as you, Sir George, that the black-legs feed upon—Substituting inclination

tion for ideas; money, for skill; and wine for wit, you squander away your whole fortunes, before you know their value! Ruin then converts the most of you to rooks; and as for those pluck'd pigeons that have sensibility to perceive their folly, and too much innate honour to retaliate, then fly, in despair, either into the sickle noose of marriage, or into the fatal noose of death!

Sir Geo. What an angel! (*aside*) I must flatter her to make my peace with Sophia. My Love—

Sophia. Flattering man! (*aside*)

Sir Geo. I vow, my dearest, that you and your sisters are the three Graces! Oh, let me be your Paris! For tho' Sophia be Venus, Penelope be Juno, and you Minerva! yet, unlike to Paris, I would throw to you, for your wit and spirit, the golden apple of my heart!

Sophia. (*aside*) Versatile man! but I'll now put his pretended passion into a real panic!

Sir Geo. My Diana!

Sophia. (*starting*) Ha! there are both my sisters coming this way—What shall I do with you?

Sir Geo. The devil! hide me! hide me any where until you can pacify them.

Sophia. Get you into that closet, and, as you value my future esteem, attempt not to stir till I call you.

Sir Geo. In I go—(*going*)—Now to peruse this letter, that is said to be of so urgent a nature.

[*Exit into the closet.*]

Sophia.

Sophia. How must I act? Shall I discover myself and discard him?—I must! but alas! I cannot!—Yet why not do it, since his affections are not fix'd on me? For it is not Venus, Juno, nor Minerva neither, that is his idol; but Plutus. Alas! it is the fate of our sex to believe, and of the other to betray!—Resolve I must!

Sir Geo. (*looking out with a letter in his hand.*) What a fortunate discovery has this letter produced!—Miss Sophia Pop!—Oh! what a block-head was I, not to perceive all her tricks of transformation!

Sophia. I am resolved!—(*Goes to the closet door.*)
Sir George!

Sir Geo. (*coming out*) My dearest!

Sophia. Hold! Before we part for ever, I deem it proper to explain my reasons. When I first beheld you, I blushingly acknowledge that I felt a secret partiality in your favour—for while your person engag'd my attention, your manners acquir'd my esteem.—But hesitating, though not discrediting your violent protestations of affection, know, Sir George, that I assumed the dress and manners of two ideal sisters—for I have none—only to probe those protestations of your's to the quick—and I have found you now to be the man of the world—not the man worthy of my heart.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Sophia. Do you laugh at me?—But—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!—As Jack Falstaff says,
 “D’ye think, my dear, I did not know you?”
 ha, ha, ha!—Yes, by the Lord, as well as Mr.

Peter

Peter Pop that begot you, Sophia. Ha, ha, ha!

Sophia. Do you laugh at me?

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! You would make a devilish good actress, my dear. (*Mimicking her as Penelope, lisping*) "I was always out shopping"—says your sister Penelope.—Then for Diana—"When nine is the main, what is the odds that the caster does not nick it?" ha! ha! ha!

Sir Geo. And did you, Sir George, really know me?

Sir Geo. If I had not, such a form as your's, my Sophia, however disguised, could never cease being attractive.

Sophia. Now you flatter.

Sir Geo. To prove that I do not—and that I am in downright earnest, and in a very violent passion—I now give you a challenge.

Sophia. A challenge!

Sir Geo. Yes, Madam, I am serious—Heart against heart—Cupid and Hymen shall be our seconds—and if you quit the field till death, I shall post you up on every toilet in town, as the most consummate coward that ever shrunk from matrimonial bed and board. Do you accept the challenge, my dear?

Sophia. I—I—I—I cannot refuse it.—

Sir Geo. La Roche!

Enter La Roche.

Order a post-coach and fix hither instantly, to drive us to Gretna Green.

Sophia.

Sophia. So far, Sir George!

Sir Geo. The torch of Hymen, my *Sophia*, is not permitted to burn bright on this side the Tweed—To debar us the freedom of choice, is the only badge of slavery that disgraces this land of liberty!

Sophia. Pshaw, Sir George!—it is rather because you Englishmen cannot endure chains!—ha! ha! ha!

La Roche. Ver witty, ver witty, my Lady, Sir George—ha! ha! (*sings*) “De priest is dere on Gretna Green—De black parson of mis-carriage”.—

(*Going—is stopp'd by Ninny.*)

Enter Ninny.

Ninny. Oh, Sir George!—Oh, Madam!

Both. What is the matter?

Ninny. Your papa, Mr. Pop, Ma'am—Mrs. Termagant, Sir George—they are now both coming up stairs—see there they be.

Enter Mrs. Termagant and Pop.

Pop. (taking hold of Sophia.) Oh! you robber—where is my jewels and money! Oh! you runaway! where is your reputation?

Mrs. Term. So, Sir George—is this your gratitude? But my attorney and his myrmidons shall take you under their protection immediately.

Sir.

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath! Madam!—Oh! if my uncle, or if Mr. Quirk were here?—Ha! the Captain!

Enter Captain Prywell.

Pop. Was it to ruin my daughter, Sir George Courteous, that I discounted your Bill without accenting of any *douceur*?

Cap. Nephew, what is the matter?

Sir Geo. Shortly this, Sir!—There is a mutual attachment between this lady, who is that gentleman's daughter, and your humble servant—and he is now come most *mal-a-propos* to stop proceedings.

Pop. Proceedings!—What proceedings? I am afraid you have made too many proceedings already with my daughter.—You are a Baronet forsooth? But what sort of a Baronet? a distress'd and bare Baronet indeed, whose lands are only ploughed by an air balloon.

Cap. Sir, the gentleman is my nephew, and a man of honour.

Pop. A man of honour—He may be so.—But who are you, Sir—*(to the Captain)* I am sure you are no man of honour, for I never saw you in my shop.

Ninny. *(to the Captain)* Don't heed him, your honour---You know I told you all about him—and that if you could make him a Parliament man—he would give up his daughter to any body.

Cap. Thank you, Ninny—I had forgot—A good

good hint—Harkye, Sir, (*to Pop.*) this gentleman, Sir George Courteous, is in love with your daughter, who I understand is a most amiable young lady; therefore if you will give your consent freely to their union, as I am a man of fortune, and possess a great borough interest, as I hear you are an able orator, I have no doubts of putting you into Parliament.

Pop. You are a very worthy gentleman, and a man of honour into the bargain!—Give me a seat in Parliament, and your nephew, Sir George, may have any seat in return that I can dispose of.

Cap. O! agreed—Give him your daughter.

Pop. On those conditions, I shall—Sir George, take my daughter—and if you behave yourselves to my liking, I shall recall my intention of leaving my fortune to public charities.

Cap. Right!

Pop. And instead of ten virgins for my pail, I shall order it to be supported by ten worthy wives, who can prove themselves to have done as much good in their generation, *if possible, as the greatest and best lady in all Great Britain!*

Sir Geo. (to Pop.) Sir, it shall be the business of our lives to be ever returning you our most grateful acknowledgments.

Mrs. Term. This is all a trick, Sir George—But I shall give retaining fees to all the counselors in Christendom, before I be depriv'd of justice and revenge!

[*Exi.*

Cap. She shall be immediately repaid.

Pop. Remember, Sir George, that before the
expi-

expiry of a twelvemonth, I expect a duplicate of my daughter ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Geo. Oh ! uncle ! from this day I shall date my happiness ! 'Tis true, I pursued pleasure every where ; I courted her every moment, in every form, in every place---But she was the *Ignis fatuus* that I never found !---When in search of her at the Pantheon !---Oh ! it was the Pantheon of the gods to me ! I found in this form, her celestial superior---*Felicity !* (*embracing Sophia.*) And may every one around me, (*looking round the house*) soon embrace her endearing and ever blest similitude, without undergoing my misfortunes !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

